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POETRY,

BY THE LATE

HENRY F. R. SOAME, Esq.

H. E. B.

LONDON.

1833.

280. 2. 8 8 8

POETRY.

ON THE DEATH OF

DR. MEREDITH,

VICE-MASTER OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE (HE HAD BEEN THE FRIEND OF STERNE AND HALL).

Sons of the World, who view with scornful eyes
The grave in which sequestered science lies,
Who mock the students' toils, or mark them not,
Or deem he labours but to be forgot,
Exists awhile within the cloister's gloom,
Then sinks unheeded to an unknown tomb,—
Come ye, who proudly scorn the pedant's boast,
Here, weep the talents which ye honour most.
Know that there sleeps on this lamented bier
All that might well have graced your gayer sphere;

Wit, that to Dulness only gave offence,
And Learning's stores, subservient still to sense;
The sportive Fancy, and the humorous vein
Which numbers imitate, but few attain.
Quick to conceive, and ready to express
The clear conception in its happiest dress;
Fire, that with seventy winters' snows could wage
Successful war, and melt the frosts of age:—
Mourn him, ye gay,—for ye had sure approved
Whom Yorick honoured and Eugenius loved!
Refuse the decent tribute, if ye can,
Due to the wit, the scholar, and the man.
Or, if ye own the luxury of woe,
Here let the graceful weakness freely flow.
To you, whose board his mirth was wont to cheer,
Who loved the raillery you could not fear,
To you, alas! while memory holds her seat,
Shall the weak Muse superfluous praise repeat?
Vain were appeal to every social breast,—
While they shall most regret, who knew him best.

STANZAS,

ADDRESSED TO MRS. JORDAN, AFTER AN ABSENCE OF SOME MONTHS FROM THE STAGE, 1790.

NYMPH of the sportive smile and changeful mien,
Welcome, thrice welcome to th' accustom'd scene!
Again, by tender strokes of art,
Or polish'd Nature's graceful skill,
To charm the sense or touch the heart,
And mould the passions to thy will.
Oh thou, endow'd with equal pow'rs
To wing with mirth the laughing hours,
Or, as thy melting accents softly float,
And swell upon the bosom of the air!
To breathe, at Sorrow's call, the plaintive note,
And draw for pining love the pitying tear.

Say, by what title shall the muse entwine
The various wreath for various pow'rs like thine?

Say, is thy fancy more inclin'd
With Hoyden's airs to grace the scene?
Or, to an hopeless search resign'd,
Com'st thou, brave Richard's* lovely Queen?
The wand'rer wakes the mournful strain,
And soothes the captive monarch's pain!
Hark! how the gentle minstrel's well-known song
Wafts the blest signal through his dreary walls,
And borne on morning's balmy breath along,
The banish'd hope of life and love recals!

But what glad contrast strikes my wond'ring sight
With all the gay artill'ry of delight?
With "quips, and cranks," and smiles, like those
By bards to Hebe's cheek assign'd,
To Arden's greenwood shade she goes,
The jocund exile, Rosalind.—
Again, in pensive charms array'd,
She speaks, she looks the love-lorn maid;
View, ye who can, unmov'd, the treach'rous flame
On Viola's devoted bosom prey:
Where passion, veil'd beneath a colder name,
Consumes her sleepless night and joyless day.

* Richard Cœur de Lion.

Daughter of Nature! Genius unconfin'd!
Whose speaking glance proclaims the feeling mind!
Where more than beauty points the eye,
And lights th' expression of the face;
Whose ev'ry tone is harmony,
And ev'ry varied action grace!
Already, by the pencil's* aid,
Half our debt of praise is paid;
Nor let the Muse, howe'er unskill'd, deny
The kindred tribute of her pen to give;
Tho' with that pencil's work unmeet to vie,
Stampt with thy name, the verse perchance may live!

* Drawings from "Twelfth Night" and "As You Like it," inscribed to Mrs. J. by H. W. Bunbury, Esq.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MRS. MARGARET WHARTON, (MORE COMMONLY KNOWN BY THE FAMILIAR APPELLATION OF PEG WHARTON.)

Accept, dear Peg, in humble lays,
The thanks a grateful heart repays;
Thou, useful lesson to defy
The lures of vain Philosophy!
Oft has my soul, puff'd up with pride,
The truths of sacred writ denied;
And to myself I oft have said,
" Mankind of *dust* were never made"—
Till thou, dear Peg, revers'd my creed,
And shewed me,—we are Dirt indeed!

IRREGULAR ODE

UPON

IRREGULAR PROCEEDINGS.

Oh! Mr. Merry, Mr. Greathead, tremble!
The town is threaten'd with the loss of Kemble!
Sound the alarm! Your vocal noses blow!
And vent, like Bedlamites, your frantic woe!

AIR.

The first of critics, first of actors,
First of semi-colon factors,
Out of patience with the age,
Swears, by G—d, he'll quit the stage.

But if the melancholy Muse,
On ev'ry sympathizing gale,
Would pour her lamentable news
In numbers suited to the tale;
Let her catch th' appropriate note
From his own sepulchral throat!
Rio Verde, Rio Verde.

Tasteless nation, tasteless nation,
  On ourselves we have brought down
Rumours of an abdication,
  Hung in terror o'er the town!

We, forsooth, must needs be hank'ring
  After nature, ease, and grace;
Hence, within his bosom cank'ring,
  Bred the spleen that marks his face.

Who shall now, of all his cronies,
  To their kind protection take,
All his *variæ lectiones*,
  Made for variation's sake?

Who shall piece, and patch, and cobble,
  Works by wits perform'd in haste?—
Johnny Bull, you're in a hobble,
  If you pique yourself on taste!

Who shall fix with equal care
  Points in doublets—or in speeches?
Who adjust, with such an air,
  Slash'd soliloquies—or breeches?

Should the Jordan's influence stealing,
'Gainst the rule and line prevail;
Genius, melody, and feeling,
Will unwary breasts assail!

Then farewell the dear Black Letter,
So inviting to the eye!
She'll make us, if she gets the better,
Laugh and weep, regardless why.

Earle Southamptonne's ee's and oo's,*
How some *deepe read wyghte* compares,
Much I question if she knows;
More I question if she cares.

Little heeding points, that merit
Deep research and curious art;
She but takes her author's spirit,
And directs it to the heart!

RECITATIVE.

Hush'd be your sorrows and your rage suspended!
Complaint's superfluous when the occasion's ended.

* *Vide* the interesting disputes concerning certain very important MSS.

No longer let your dolorific quill
The sable tears of sympathy distil;
Relenting John, in pity to minkind,
On second thoughts, has chang'd his mighty mind.
Yes, he resumes the task of punctuation,
And bringing back stray'd commas to their station.
Perhaps to his obstetric skill, we yet
May for a second *Regent* own our debt—
And, gentle hearers, ere I close the strain,
Let this prognostication soothe your pain:—
As long as Britain shall maintain her ground,
And twenty shillings make one sterling pound,
So long (should Fate permit them here to stay)
Would Mr. Kemble and the Siddons play.

AIR AND CHORUS.

Good People, pray don't be uneasy,
You are threaten'd—the better to please ye—
For the devil a step will he budge:
You may think what you will of the matter,
'Twas only a *Jeu de Théâtre*,
And his exit was nothing but—Fudge!
Fudge! Fudge!
Their retirement was nothing but Fudge!
Da Capo, &c. &c.

HEROIC EPISTLE

FROM

BECKY, IN THE COUNTRY,

TO

EDW^D. T—PH—M, ESQ.

THE NOTORIOUS CONDUCTOR OF "THE WORLD," IN TOWN.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEN these elegant lines first fell into our hands, they appeared distinguished by evident marks of that wild and uncultivated genius which is so much the characteristic of their amiable Authoress. Here and there some inaccuracies in the spelling betrayed the irregular luxuriance of her fancy; and there were even some errors discoverable which to the eyes of an undiscerning Reader might pass for vulgarisms.—All these slight blemishes we have taken the liberty to correct, and we flatter ourselves at the same time that we have managed the pruning-knife with such dexterity, as not to destroy by an ill-timed polish that Doric simplicity, which pervaded the whole Composition and formed its chief beauty.

THESE lines soft Becky to her Captain sends,
Whom goose-quill glories grace and fame attends!
By Bell carest, the World's important lord,
By printers' devils both dreaded and ador'd!
Ah, Toppy,* who but thou could understand
The zig-zag† pot-hooks trac'd by Becky's hand?
But thou art kind;—and, in thy partial eyes,
My want of larning‡ genius well supplies;
Secure of this, I set my heart at ease;—
Who puff'd my acting will my writing praise.
E'er since the morn that I from town remov'd,
Thy paper has my daily solace prov'd;
Thy flatt'ring paper still resembles thee,
And each critique's a billet-doux to me!
Ah, Captain, Captain, what a dab you are
At writing paragraphs to make one stare;

* Toppy.—Elegans diminutivum.

† This delicate apology for her hand-writing plainly evinces that charming diffidence which is the companion inseparable from great merit, and cannot fail to prejudice every reader in her favour. And we cannot help, at the same time, paying a compliment to her discernment, as, when we reflect upon the hieroglyphics of the original MS. the pains it cost us to decypher them, her embarrassment seems altogether not without foundation.

‡ "Larning"—Doricé.

Two or three words——a dash——th' initial letter,
Three stars *** " 'Tis said,"—" We know of,"—
" *nothing better.*"
Ah, that's your way; and thus you used to write,
When first to Becky's soul you gave delight;
Not thy mustachios, whisker'd though thou art,
Nor yet thy skirts, curtail'd, enslav'd my heart;
'Twas not thy tongue, though thou'rt fine spoken, too,
Nor thy cockade, that did my heart subdue!
But 'twas the matchless rhet'ric of thy pen
Undid me once, and might undo again!
What first delighted is my comfort now,
And twines ideal laurels round my brow;
Each morn the World from first to last I——spell,
But chiefly on the " News from Cheltenham" dwell!
" *The Wells*" I view, in letters large and fair,
And empty rows turn'd " *crowded houses*" there.
With a sprain'd ancle whilst confin'd I lay,
And saw no human face the live-long day,
In thy dear lines I found my levee grac'd,
By ev'ry " *friend of fashion, genius, taste!*"
The King himself sent deputies to know
How far'd " the Wells?" My answer was " so, so."
" Her invitations *fir'd the wond'ring crowd,*"
" *Amaze too great for plaudits,—deep not loud.*"

——Thou wert the cause, dear Top, full well I see,
That Della Crusca wrote an Ode* to me!
Great Della Crusca! (Bard, whom no one knows,)
Writes verses equal only to thy prose!
Both are alike, so very, very fine;
Th' intended drift no mortal can divine.
And who like Della Crusca can dispense
In sounds so swelling such a lack of sense?
While, fixt the dismal ditty to prolong,
Anna Matilda voids her simp'ring song;
And Arley with responsive nonsense pays
The fair Incognita's seraphic lays;
Each puffing each, in language quaintly terse,
The froth of learning and skim-milk of verse!
"Such adaptation ne'er was seen before,"†
The writers are unknown, their meaning more!
Whoe'er they are, how can they waive their claim
To the vast portion they deserve of fame?
Oh, let them forward step, and own in time
Those lyric loads obscure, of dark sublime!

* Ode to Simplicity; addressed to Mrs. Wells.—Vide World.

† Such adaptation ne'er was seen before,
His trade a Hog is, and his wit a bore.
ROLLIAD.

Perchance, the scribbling Dame (Piozzi hight)
The sweet poetic foundlings brought to light;
Or he who, Gothic grandeur's force to prove,
The murky tissue of the "Regent" wove!
Which seem'd as Discord's self had wrought the lay,
*Making the lines to limp of this poor play;**
Where the faint day-star of plain sense is quench'd
In oceans of Pindaric darkness drench'd!
Perhaps thyself—or, oh, though last, not least
In love, our friend the Reverend Mr. East!
Illustrious names! like mine, by puffing rais'd,
Now by themselves, and now by thee be-prais'd!
By thee, Diurnal Oracle of Taste,
Nor less with politics than letters grac'd!
Thou taught'st thy Paper's loyal strains to boast
What courtly influence gain'd, and freedom lost!†
Thou'lt write Fox, Sheridan, and Townshend down,
And pay thy mite of flatt'ry to the crown.

* Making the doors to groan of this old mansion.
REGENT.

Because the day-star of my peace is gone,
Quench'd in the oceans of unbounded night.
REGENT.

† Vide all the puffs in behalf of Lord Hood during the late election.

'Twas thine the dire catastrophe to tell,
By ruffian force, how Macnamara fell!
How the bruis'd bludgeons suffer'd from his head!
How brave he fought, and how heroic bled:
Then printed letters, sad beyond expression,
Like a last dying speech and full confession.*
Till by the pathos of his Bully's woes,
Thou drews't Tarpaulin tears down Hood's long nose.†
'Tis true, 'tis pity tales like these should fail;
A party propt by thee might sure prevail!—
Yet courage, man! the greatest generals meet
(Each in his turn) their portion of defeat—
Thus I consol'd (nor ill my solace sped)
When the hot Lord had well nigh broke your head!‡

* After this gentleman's supposed assassination, the most doleful epistles were published under his name in the World and other Court Papers, filled with dismal details of his unheard-of sufferings, and an ostentatious display of his more than Christian spirit of forgiveness to his unrelenting foes, to be equalled only by the penitential slang of the Newgate Calendars.

† The fair authoress seems to have had an eye to Milton's—

"Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek."

‡ Alluding to a young nobleman, who (upon some free-

Such terrors seiz'd me then, as might express
One vivid mass of delicate Distress:
At length I cried "Some safer subjects try,
And let the shafts of daily scandal fly
On those who slight or dread the well-fram'd lie.
You took the hint, and follow'd my advice—
Proceed! and make a fortune in a trice!
For my rapt soul foresees the time shall come,
Decreed by fate, *The World's* tremendous doom;
Some libel, scribbled in a thoughtless hour,
Shall lay thee open to the Law's stern pow'r—
Then Bell shall break again as break he must,
And the World-office* crumble into dust—
The flying Merc'ry from its dome shall fall,
And universal ruin cover all—
But thou superior still in ev'ry loss,
Shalt high exalted stand at Charing-Cross;
With lamentable phiz and grievous† grin,
Through pillory loop-hole poke thy length of chin!

dom being taken with his name in the paper) went to Mr. Topham, and with commendable spirit, assured that great writer "that if ever he again took the liberty of bringing him into the World, he would most certainly send his authorship out of it."

* A building so called, erected in the Strand for the reception of Intelligence.

† "Grievous grin." Did not an absolute necessity for

I ken already with prophetic mind,
Wh—res, link-boys, b—wds in one rude uproar
join'd!
Thee, thee they pelt! whole storms of rubbish fly,
And tears, and rotten eggs run mixt from either
eye!
Then where shall Becky go! ah, where retire,
When thou no more shall write, nor I inspire?
Those puffs shall cease, which rais'd my former
fame,
Nought of The World remaining, but the name!
Awhile, a draggled drab, I'll trapes the street,
And then for refuge, to the Lock retreat.

FINIS.

some depth of reading render the supposition improbable, we should be almost tempted to pronounce that the lovely authoress of this pathetic expression had in her mind that passage of Homer, where (describing Andromache) he says, "δακρυοεν γελασασα" "Smiling through her tears," but the impossibility of the lady's reading having extended so far, obliges us to confess the truth of the old proverb, "Great wits jump," as no two ideas can bear a nearer resemblance to each other than the "δακρυοεν γελασασα" of Homer, and the "grievous grin" of Mrs. Wells, though we must own the latter has greatly the advantage.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF FACING THE TITLE PAGE OF AN ADMIRED POEM.

PLEASURES of Mem'ry! oh, supremely blest,
  And justly proud beyond a poet's praise,
If the pure regent of thy tranquil breast
  Confirm the flatt'ring title of thy lays!
    Pleasures of Mem'ry! Why, to me,
    The herald still of Misery.
    She makes her fell existence known
    By sighs, and tears, and grief alone.
I greet her as the fiend, to whom belong
The vulture's rav'ning beak, the raven's fun'ral song.

Me she reminds of blessings idly lost;
  Of fair occasion gone for ever by;
Of hopes too fondly nurs'd, too rudely crost;
  Yet bids me, loathing light, delay to die.
    For what, except an inborn fear
    Lest she survive, detains me here,
    When all the *life of life* is fled?—
    What, but the deep inherent dread,
Lest she, in worlds unknown, resume her reign,
And realize the Hell that Priests and Poets feign.

EPISTLE,

IN RHYME,

TO M. G. LEWIS, ESQ. M.P. &c.

" Il più ardito Garzon, che di sua etade
Fosse da un Polo all' altro, e dall' estremo
Lito negl' Indi, a quello ove il Sol cade."

Ariosto.

To thee, for whom in rare accordance met,
Fashion and Sense their ancient feuds forget;
Whose Muse hath ventur'd on a world unknown,
With Dante's force, and beauties all her own!
Thanks for a respite from Affliction's pow'r,
And many a sorrow hush'd for many an hour!
Oft has my sick'ning fancy found relief
From nearer woes in fair Antonia's grief;
And trac'd, forgetful of my own the while,
Ambrosio's wand'rings and the tempter's guile.

Well hast thou travell'd to redeem our youth
From random censure, pass'd in scorn of truth;
That Britain's affluent sons, to all her foes,
Where'er they roam, their native soil expose;
In thriftless rambles dissipate their time,
And ev'ry folly cull of ev'ry clime.
To this effect, how many an apt remark,
(Pronounc'd by layman shrewd or learned clerk,)
Of candour and profound research the fruit,
Thine age, thy talents, and thy hopes refute!

For thou, throughout thy various course, hast caught
Each striking feature, each impressive thought,
From dark Teutonic lore, terrific grace;
An easy stile, from Gallia's lively race;
Hast sought in Boccace a reprieve from care,
Or learnt to dote, with Petrarch, on despair.
(Genius, like Virtue, ev'n in sorrow finds
A charm unknown to joy in vulgar minds.)
Nor has in vain Ferrara's bard for thee
Tun'd his wild harp to love and chivalry;
Like our own Shakespeare, mingled grave and gay,
And twin'd with jocund tales the serious lay—
A smile can strict morality suppress
At old Anselmo's frailty and distress,

When Manto, by the grave civilian's shame,
Redeems the forfeit of his tripping dame?
Who does not sigh, when Cloridan is laid,
Martyr of friendship, with the valiant dead?
Who but must weep o'er Fiondiligi's doom,
The living partner of a dead man's tomb?
Thou not'st, like Radcliffe, with a painter's eye,
The pine-clad mountain and the stormy sky;
And, at thy bidding, to my wond'ring view
Rise the bold scenes Salvator's pencil drew:
On desert cliffs, I hear the raven's scream,
And mark the wat'ry moon's uncertain gleam;
'Tis thine to strike, with no inglorious hand,
The chords, that whilom echoed through the land;
When erst, at feudal grandeur's princely call,
The minstrel's song was heard in Gothic hall,
What time, around his hospitable board,
The hardy vassals hail'd their bounteous lord.

Thence to the stage on daring pinion borne,
The sons of Taste with pleasure saw thee turn:
And bid, majestic, as erewhile it stood,
His castle frown o'er Conway's foaming flood;
While fancy call'd, congenial to the place,
Back into life a stern baronial race—

" 'Twere well, had that been all," Sir Fretful cries;
" Why let their blood-stain'd apparitions rise?
" Who can forgive so heinous an offence
" Against establish'd truths, and sober sense?
" Better with —— the beaten track to keep,
" Not half awake, and yet not quite asleep;
" Better" —— What go and con the foppish rules
Devis'd by French half wits for French whole fools?—
That code our feelings leave no time to quote,
When Jordan plays the scenes which Lewis wrote.
Say, oft as night and silence o'er the earth
Draw their close veil, and give reflection birth,
Is not a spirit, good or ill, confest,
In ev'ry virtuous, ev'ry guilty breast?
Does not a voice, that will be heard, pervade
The inmost soul in deep retirement's shade?
Does it not calm of innocence the fear?
Does it not yell to prosp'rous vice, " Despair?"
Why then forbid the poet's art to give
Corporeal shape to what all feel who live?
No mind so firm but oft recurs in thought,
To *all the priest and all the nurse have taught;*
Mem'ry acknowledges the forms of air,
And ev'ry goblin finds acquaintance there.

Not so the monstrous brood that shock belief,
Palm'd on the town by Morton and O'Keeffe;
Who, still with nature and good sense at strife,
Profanely stile their figures drawn from life:
Ev'n Boaden's ghost is surely full as good,
As Holcroft's characters of flesh and blood,
To which, throughout the year, no day goes by,
But gives in ev'ry lineament the lie.
Soon shall some wag, to set opinions right,
Describe the nymphs of Billingsgate—polite,
Soft sentiment from lips of butchers roll,
Or with a tender turnkey melt the soul!
Since valiant tailors, on the stage let loose,
Rouse all the lion rampant—in the goose!
And gen'rous Jews unsparingly dispense
Pure Christianity and vital pence!

So, when the sign-post painter's art had drain'd
Whatever ocean, earth, or air contain'd,
His noble patrons, still agog for change,
Requir'd new forms of "something rich and strange;"
Then bold O'Daub's creative hand portray'd
The swan jet black, the lion fiery red—
"Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,"
And look'd at home for sky-blue boars in vain.

Yet works like these diurnal censors crown
With garlands of ephemeral renown;
Whilst, in gregarious rapture, fools uprear
Their asinine prolixity of ear.

Blest were the times (and such our fathers saw)
When modest Genius woo'd the Muse with awe!
Few took for inspiration want of bread,
And none presum'd to write who ne'er had read:
No newsman then, with Della Crusca's rhyme,
Delug'd their tables just at breakfast time;
No Arleys of this brazen age the curse
With their own praises prefac'd their own verse:
No "*Stranger*" charm'd the un-illumin'd pit
With French morality and German wit;
(Where they, who deem the principle too light,
May bless a style, that counteracts it quite:)
No mongrel phrase, uncouth to British ears,
Perplex'd their hopes or magnified their fears.
Now journalists, on mightier changes bent,
Make on our tongue their first experiment;
New dogmas in tri-colour'd language teach,
And *revolutionize* our parts of speech;
Would fain, like Gallic sophists, urge the storm,
And, rav'ning for destruction, roar reform!

Three tortur'd words their cabala comprise,
Reason, *philosophy*, and *prejudice*.

To them, who yet will hear, let Gallia tell
How soon by arts like these her empire fell;
Terms misapplied th' insidious change began,
And thence to principles th' infection ran.
In vain, alas! was pleasure leagu'd with pow'r,
Their splendid pageant reach'd th' appointed hour;
Confusion hail'd the sign; with iron hand
Remorseless Havock smote the laughing land;
In the once honour'd seat of regal sway,
Tigers and apes their savage gambols play!
Their high-born fugitives can only shew
The cross of honour on the breast of woe;
Of friends the pity, and of foes the scorn,
With vain regret their vanish'd grandeur mourn,
And vaunt, while bursts of anguish intervene,
Their blameless monarch, and their beauteous queen!

So he that roves, as eastern story tells,
Some wild savanna, where enchantment dwells,
Sees unawares, amid the gloom of night,
By genii rais'd, the Palace of Delight;
Fantastic forms the rich pavilion throng,
Weave the gay dance, or raise the choral song;

Unnumber'd lights from chrystal branches blaze,
Unnumber'd mirrors multiply the rays;
The liquid ruby bounds in many a bowl,
In many an eye voluptuous transports roll;
Till some rash hand, in evil hour, profanes
The talisman, where potent magic reigns,—
At once the revels cease—the tapers die—
With dismal shrieks the black-ey'd beauties fly!
Deep thunder rolls—an earthquake rocks the ground—
The gorgeous fabric crumbles all around!
Its place nor arch nor broken columns tell,
But where the houries sung, hyænas yell.

How have I wander'd? Themes like this demand
A deeper tone, a more experienc'd hand:
Such thoughts, as breathe in Burke's refulgent prose,
Or the bright flame in Cowper's lay that glows!

To laugh at folly in her gayest trim,
Nor hold her sacred for a great man's whim;
To honour merit in the lowest sphere,
Yet not believe it found exclusive there;

To feel a glow, which nothing can repress,
When talents pierce the cloud of deep distress;
Yet hail them, nothing jealous, when, like thine,
Set off by gay prosperity they shine;
Is all my boast—unless, (for who is free
From ev'ry spark of latent vanity?)
I think, perhaps, I know what verse should be.
Thine without envy, by that knowledge taught,
I learnt to prize, to set my own at nought.

TRANSLATION.

FROM THE ITALIAN.

To Love, my Laura, let us give
The little span we have to live;
Our moments, swift as arrows, fly,
And wing'd, like them, with destiny.

'Tis not, 'tis not everlasting,
But to swift destruction hasting,
The pride of youth's elusive hour,
Thy peerless beauty's blooming flow'r.

Yon orb, that now descends to lave
His axle in the western wave,
The same, or more refulgent still,
Shall rise at morn o'er yonder hill.

Tho' winter from the woodlands tear
Their verdant spoils, and leave them bare;
Yet these another spring shall view
With fairer foliage clothed anew.

Our " *May of life*" alone no more,
Revolving seasons shall restore;
And death, o'er man's expiring light,
Lets fall interminable night.

Once in the " *narrow house of clay*,"
" *To dumb forgetfulness a prey*,"
No dreams of joy, no tale of love,
The deep perennial gloom remove.

Then come, and ere the stern behest
Of fate forbid us to be blest;
While beauty blooms, and passion glows,
Haste, let us snatch the short-liv'd rose!

Let doting grey-beards ring in vain
Dull changes on the moral strain;
Their frozen maxims nought avail;
Our hearts repeat a warmer tale.

To Love then, Laura, let us give
The little span we have to live;
Our moments swift as arrows fly,
And wing'd like them, with destiny.

WRITTEN AT A CONVENT IN THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES, JANUARY, 1795.

Oft has the libertine sought refuge here,
  By want or sickness to devotion driv'n;
Renounc'd in form that world he priz'd too dear,
  And bid the dregs of earth aspire to Heav'n.

In this retreat, "Farewell," the lover cries,
  "Ye gay companions of my happier state;
"No more shall hearts at ease reprove my sighs,
  "But those who scorn'd my weakness mourn my fate!

"Perhaps ev'n thou, whose marble breast to move
  "My ardent passion fail'd and plaintive song,
"Thou may'st too late these fatal feelings prove,
  "And wish they ne'er had woke that sleep too long."

But say, once clos'd in this monastic fane,
  Do love and pleasure quite renounce their slave?
If not, ye woo tranquillity in vain—
  She dwells beyond the cloister—in the grave!

ON ONE OF SINGULAR MERIT, WHO DIED YOUNG.

How many virtues in how short a date!
Those were Free Will:—and this, alas, was Fate!

UNDER A STATUE OF NARCISSUS.

I nunc, qui pectus glaciale opponis Amori,
  Semper adest vindex obsequiosa Deo:
En aqua, cui mos est alias extinguere flammas,
  Ultricem accendit, lege soluta, facem.

SONG.

We snapt the golden cord in twain
  That bound my love and me :
Till each exclaimed, restore my chain
  If this be Liberty !

Welcome the golden cord again
  That binds my love and me !
Till Life's last hour I'll hug my chain
  If this be slavery !

FRAGMENT.

Sour'd, but untam'd, in disappointment's school,
He look'd ordain'd to ruin or to rule;
Through his dark cluster'd ringlets, here and there
Shone ere its time a sorrow-silvered hair;
On his pale cheek a bitter smile there sate,
Which seem'd to mock the impotence of fate;
Upon his haughty brow defiance lower'd;
Despair was in his hollow eye embower'd:—
Still, o'er the wild expression of his face
Would beam, by starts, a momentary grace;
Faint emanations of the God were seen
To indicate the thing he should have been.

THE RETROSPECT.

Ere the sad lessons of unwelcome truth
With chill conviction damp'd the hopes of youth,
Ere yet repeated trials had suppress'd
Th' elastic impulse of the human breast,—
How my gay spirits rose, on buoyant wing,
To greet thy mild approach, enlivening Spring!
And hail'd each blossom that perfum'd the air,
A pledge of months and years to come as fair.
  Whither, ye fond illusions, are ye fled?
Why should remembrance live, when joy is dead?
Creation smiles anew—the vernal grove
Peals with the hymn of universal love:
Nature o'er hill and dale profusely throws
The pale forerunner of the expected rose;
While the dark violet from her mossy bed,
But half reveals her unambitious head,—
Emblem of unobtrusive worth, betray'd
By its own fragrance in the lowly shade.
The unfetter'd Naiad of this silver stream
Bounds and exults beneath the kindly beam;

Freed from her chilling Tyrant's icy chain,
She hurries with her tribute to the main;—
Stay, sedge-crown'd Virgin, thou art honour'd here,
Thy banks are shelter'd, and thy waves are clear;
Why in such haste to lose thy limpid pride
In yonder boist'rous ocean's troubled tide?
  Like some rash stripling, who with scorn surveys
The unruffled tenour of his boyish days,
And breaks, impatient of restraint, away
For turbulent Delight's tempestuous sea;
But, mingled with the uproar of mankind,
Regrets the narrow bounds where once he pin'd,
And sighs, expos'd to every wayward gale,
For the calm confines of his native vale,
Where the pure current of his tranquil hours
Reflected skies serene, and banks of flowers.
  To hearts, yet aching with the sense of pain,
All Nature breathes a monitory strain;—
Too late!—Whilst they whose unembitter'd prime
Might seize the warning, and be wise in time,
Regardless frolic o'er enchanted ground,
And draw no moral from the scenes around.
Still to one race another must succeed,
Still early wit to late repentance lead,
Form the same hopes, and find an equal doom,
While prudence vainly lectures o'er the tomb!

Oh thou! whose bosom warm with honest pride
Pants for the conflict of the world untried,
And full of sanguine youth's ingenuous creed,
Thinks worth must rise, and talents must succeed,—
Check the fond impulse they inspire,—and know,
Full oft the star of Genius sets in woe!
Direct thy steps to yonder lonely dell,
Where from the hollow bank the dripping well
Incessant weeps,—there the funereal yew
Conceals a cenotaph from vulgar view,—
Trace the sad record of that mournful stone,
And, touch'd by Florian's fate, mistrust thine own!
Heaven had his form with manly beauty graced,
His mind with force, intelligence, and taste;
And bless'd him, oh how far above the throng!
With reach of thought, and energy of tongue:
Each happier tone of ev'ry chord he hit;
His gravity was sense, his mirth was wit;
His were affections undebas'd by art,
The mildest manners, and the warmest heart;
Judgement to cull, and Memory to retain,
Free as he ranged thro' Learning's wide domain,
From Truth's historic mine the richest ores,
The loveliest wreaths from Fancy's rosy bow'rs.
Such as he was, to bleeding friendship dear,
He closed in distant climes his short career,

Cold calculation seal'd his early doom,
And thriftly forecast sent him to the tomb:—
Yet there connubial love's assuasive pow'r
Calm'd the last struggles of his parting hour:
Here let parental grief embalm his name,
And long the Muse he cherish'd guard his fame.

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Yet Vafer lives, and basks his hours away
In full prosperity's unclouded ray:
By fortune, in a fit of barbarous mirth,
Rais'd as in outrage to afflicted worth;
No generous warmth his bosom ever knew,
No passion but what Interest could subdue;
Sordid, yet dissolute; tho' pompous, mean;
He deems no act disgraceful if unseen,
Accounts none criminal but those who fall,
And undetected guilt no guilt at all;
Of ev'ry Vice the patron and the slave,
But still respected most, when most a knave.
Bless'd be the verse how harsh soe'er it sound,
That gives the callous hypocrite a wound;

Mars the vain object of the worldling's toil,
And sweeps to earth the builder and the pile;
Shrivels their cobweb outworks in the dust,
Round the strong-hold of Avarice, Pride, and Lust,
And on the miscreant, writhing with affright,
Flings the red glare of Pandœmonian light;

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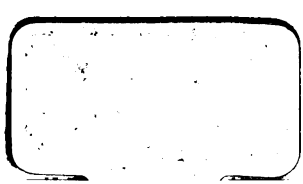
Note.—The character of Florian in this unfinished poem was designed for Charles John Bunbury, Captain in the 52d Regiment, who died at the Cape of Good Hope on his homeward voyage from India in May, 1798, aged 25 years.

EPITAPH

FOR HIS OWN TOMB, WRITTEN A FEW DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH.

Ye sons of thrift, to gentle dulness dear,
Whom prudence fattens, and whom fools revere,
Jog on! the outcast on whose grave ye gaze
Now holds your Pity—as he held your Praise.
If souls, as sages teach, immortal are,
The few he loved on earth he'll meet elsewhere.
If with the flesh they die, as some suppose,—
Go, thank your stars ye have not much to lose.